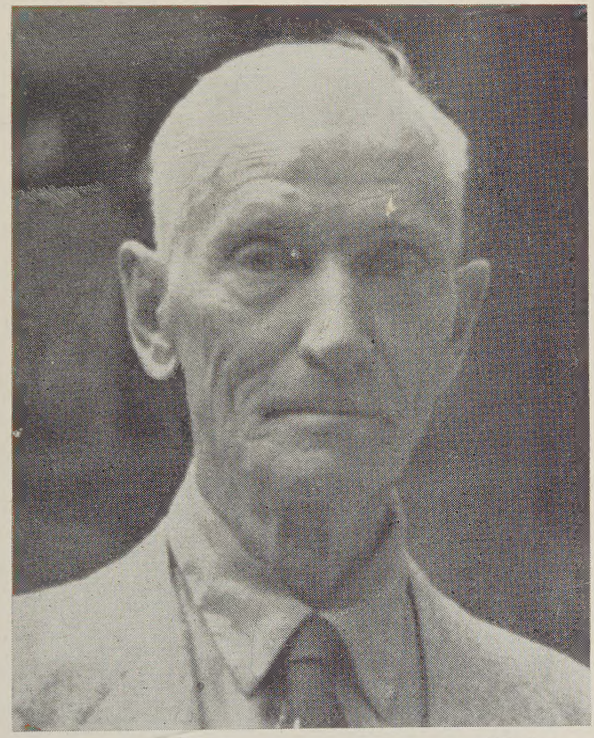
December 1956

Fellowship



GEORGE L. PAINE *Honorary Chairman*

30¢

The Fellowship in South Africa *by J. J. Buskos, Jr.*

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FELLOWSHIP

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The WORLD in FOCUS

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Bad Month

Rarely has the cause of peace been set back so badly as in the past month, yet even in the gloom of Hungary and the Middle East there may be some rays of light.

For one thing, the rigidity of the two power blocs has been shaken rudely. For the first time since World War II, there are more than two contending centers of power. This may be poor comfort, but on the other hand it may dislocate things sufficiently so that some new directions may at least be discussed.

The almost simultaneous invasion of Egypt by Israel, Britain and France, and the bloody suppression of the new government of Hungary by the Soviet Union, will clear the air somewhat. The moral pretensions of the great powers on both sides have been stripped away; neither will have an easy time reclaiming them.

Editorialists and politicians and even some clergymen have attempted to justify the assault on Egypt in terms of the undoubted provocations that existed, but few people will be deceived. They will agree with *The New York Times'* noted Washington correspondent, James Reston, who observed that nothing so cynical had been seen in the Atlantic community since the days of Chamberlain and Daladier.

And the ferocious suppression of the Hungarians by Soviet military units may give pause to the people all over the world who listened to the seductive promises of Communism and overlooked its tyranny.

It remains true that only a system based upon a reverence for the individual human personality can avoid the temptation to coercive power. The nature of the war-making state has never been made more clear.

Hungary . . .

The events of early November in Hungary inevitably raise questions about the relevance of pacifism. Isn't it true that in the face of such shocking and open violence pacifism is wholly impotent? Does not the cynical suppression of the Hungarian revolutionists by Soviet military might destroy the illusions about humanity on which pacifism is built?

Leaving that aside for the moment, let us consider the obverse of the coin, which is the impotence of *violence* to deal with the developments in Hungary. Does anyone assume that ten million Hungarians, no matter how well equipped with planes and tanks and guns, could be victorious in a struggle with the Soviet Union? Can anyone argue that, if world opinion cannot deter the Russians, any likely combination of European military force could, without the aid of the United States? And if the United States were to intervene, out of the purest motives of outrage and the desire to help the Hungarian people, is there anyone to maintain that this would not be global, hydrogen war, or that the ultimate results would not be unalloyed catastrophe?

In the past it has been possible for men to delude themselves into believing that they actually were dealing with evil by military violence. That the immediate authors of the evil were rarely targets of the bullets, and that the real targets were millions of youths no more responsible than their antagonists, could conveniently be overlooked. That the complex causes that underlay the conflict were not dealt with—or that they were even further aggravated—by war, were aspects that usually emerged long afterward.

The H-bomb, and the weapons and means of delivery that have accompanied it, have changed all that. Today any war, no matter how small, carries with it the dread possibility of nuclear conflict, and the world knows that in such a struggle its history may well come to an abrupt end.

This is the dilemma modern man confronts. He can ignore evil and injustice, knowing that it will grow and spread under such treatment. He can attempt to deal with it by the old methods of power diplomacy and military violence, and know that he has set a match to the fuse that may blow up all civilization. Or he can seek now, nonviolent ways of dealing with the evil. There are no other choices.

. . . and Pacifism

And what of pacifism? Has it any relevance in a situation like that of Hungary?

Let us acknowledge that when Soviet guns began firing on Budapest, pacifists were as impotent as militarists so far as suggesting an effective method for Americans to intervene in defense of the Hungarians. Such wistful notions as were expressed during the Korean War, of a "peace army" of volunteer *satyagrahis* to interpose itself between the lines of battle, are indicative of a desire to participate, but nothing more. No one can intervene between a jet aircraft and its target, once the jet is airborne.

Pacifists may well believe that a Hungarian revolt expressed in the spirit and techniques of nonviolence, by a trained and disciplined population, could have avoided the bloodshed and been more successful besides, but this was too late once fighting had broken out.

The hard logic of nuclear physics and aeronautical science has created a world in which it is too late for either pacifists or militarists, once the fighting has begun. The struggle for peace must be a preventive struggle, seeking out the roots of war and destroying them before the plant has a chance to grow, training and committing the human spirit to nonviolent methods of resistance before the need for them arises.

H-Bomb

As the election campaign drew to a close, some interesting stuff came out on the H-bomb controversy. A bevy of prominent Americans took a full page ad in *The New York Times*[1] to argue for a

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1 Oct. 31

ban on further test explosions, and a cancer expert warned that even the present level of radiation is nothing to feel smug about.

The prominent Americans, while noting that "an atomic war will destroy the world," carefully reassured their readers that even if we entered an agreement to ban testing we could retain our power to "instantly retaliate." Since the "instant retaliation" would be by means of H-bombs, which the U.S. would "continue to manufacture," this still leaves the case a bit ambiguous. Pacifists, while welcoming the open debate on a hitherto hush-hush subject, will have to go on saying that both morality and good sense dictate that there is only one way to give up the H-bomb, and that's to give it up. Completely.

Radioactive

Dr. William G. Cahan, who is assistant attending surgeon at New York's Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, doesn't think much of the claims that the dangers from radioactivity are "insignificant." For one thing, says he, such a judgment implies that somebody knows what is significant, and this is just what nobody does know.[2]

"The unfortunate nature of radioactivity, in the light of our present knowledge, is that the harmful processes it initiates are usually insidious, may require years to manifest themselves, and are often irreversible."

Early workers with fluoroscopy years later developed cancers on their hands, writes Dr. Cahan. Present-day specialists in X-ray diagnosis, on the average, die at least five years earlier than physicians "not so chronically exposed." And:

> "There have been increasing numbers of leukemias developing in the Japanese who had been exposed to the atomic blast in Hiroshima. These have taken from five to ten years to manifest themselves. In all probability cancers attributable to this radiation will develop as time goes on."
>
> "It would seem apparent," concludes the doctor dispassionately, "that with our present lack of factual knowledge about the potential genetic and carcinogenic properties of radioactivity we should suspend large-scale radioactive enterprises until our biological knowledge is more secure than it is at present."

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2 *The New York Times*, Oct. 31

Happy Birthday, Jesus!

AN APOCRYPHAL TALE OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHRISTMAS

by William Robert Miller

YOU COULD tell that he wasn't just the ordinary sort of fellow you generally meet in these parts. It's true, there's been a lot of hullaballoo these past few years over the meaning of his short life. Ever since he was crucified—it must have been almost ten years ago, if I recall—people have been taking him pretty seriously. I even hear tell that the story has gone out as far as Corinth. A few people were pretty shaken up by the news of his death, and they've started groups to continue the work he started.

Whether these efforts will last or not, I don't rightly know. Personally, I think there's something to it, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if somebody decided to write a book about him—Heaven knows, there have been enough stories. They say that when he was born there was a special star in the sky, and that three wise men came out of the East to visit him.

Some folks say that he was descended from a long line of prophets and holy men. Well, I don't know much about his family. I know his mother and father just about well enough to say "hello" in the street, but I don't even remember whether he had any brothers or sisters. Traveling a lot as I do, I tend to get out of touch with things. All I can say is what I hear tell of.

But I do remember one winter. It was toward the end of December, oh, maybe twenty years ago, around Hannukah time. I was passing through some little town, I forget the name, and I saw a sign in front of a shop: "Jesus Ben Joseph, Carpenter." I remembered then that I needed to get the door on my house fixed. So I stopped in at the shop and saw a handsome,

About the Author

William Robert Miller, Assistant Editor of **Fellowship** since last February, is also a contributor to **Liberation** and writes a monthly review of classical music on records for **Hi-Fi World.** His poems have appeared in **Anvil** and **Monthly Review.**

well-built young fellow planing some wood.

"Where is your master, young man?" I asked.

The young man laid his plane aside and extended his hand. "Welcome, friend," he said; "I am the master here—Jesus Ben Joseph, at your service. What can I do for you?"

He was an imposing-looking lad, with the voice of a born preacher. "I'm sorry," I said. "I was surprised to find a master so young. I'd guess you're not much over 26."

"As a matter of fact," said the carpenter, "this is my birthday. I'm just twenty-five."

"Is that so? Well," I said, looking around the shop, "I must say that your work is that of an experienced craftsman. I bet you give your whole time to it."

"Thank you," said Jesus. "I do my best. But I have another calling as well. I am a rabbi."

"*Mens sana in corpore sano,* eh?"

"I have given much thought," said Jesus, "to the condition of Man. I study a great deal, and meditate. I do not want to boast, but in a few years I mean to go out in the world and preach. Time is short, and I must be perfect when my hour comes."

"A most commendable aim," I said. I would have reproached him for the arrogance of his words, but there was something in the way he spoke that convinced me that he meant what he said. Intrigued by his earnestness, I forgot all about the door that needed fixing. "You must have an important message to preach," I said. "May I ask what sect you belong to, or which of the prophets you intend to emphasize? Rabbinical studies are a knotty subject these days."

"I suppose they are," said Jesus. "But I am seeking something beyond that. I'd give my life just to show the world the value of love and peace."

There was again that ring of authority in what he said; I could tell that he was indulging in no mere figure of speech. "Heaven knows," said I, "that the world has need of it. But your message does not seem very abstruse—hardly the calling of a priest."

"That is so," he replied. "It is a very simple message: Love God, and love one another. Be kind to your enemy and try to befriend him, no matter what he does to you. That's the nub of it. It's just because the message is so downright simple, though, that it's going to be such a big job getting it into the minds and hearts of people, and most of all getting it into their actions."

"You are indeed a good man, Rabbi," I said. "I shall pray for you in the temple and sing hosannas to your success."

Jesus sighed deeply. "That is very nice of you," he said. "But what will you do after you leave the temple?"

"I have business in Jerusalem," I said. "I shall be on my way there to transact it. As a matter of fact, it's quite an important business deal. The Roman Legions are buying a quantity of swords from me."

"Let me give you a word of advice," said Jesus. "Don't sell them

the swords. Have the swords made into hoes or building nails or something."

I was rather embarrassed at this, for the authority of his words fell heavily upon me. "But I couldn't do that. It would bankrupt me. I can see your point, but let me assure you—I am a very peaceful man. I shall pray, when I go to the temple, that my swords may never draw blood. Believe me, Rabbi, I am wholeheartedly in favor of what you say. But I must be practical."

"And you will still sing my praises in the temple?"

"Loud and clear, Rabbi. After all, it is your birthday."

There was a moment of silence, and in that moment I felt very small, and it seemed to me—if you will pardon the sacrilege—that the Rabbi Jesus towered over me like a god, so heavy was his moral authority.

Then Jesus smiled. "You are not the first," said he, "who felt he had to be 'practical.' And you will not be the last. Only let your conscience go with you to the temple—and let it carry you out into the world again a new man."

"It is a heavy thing and a weak thing, Rabbi. My conscience—it is all I can bear, yet I fear it will not support me."

He looked at me with an indulgent kindness in his eye, yet behind it was a stern, uncompromising glint that shook me to the depths of my soul. "There is," he said, "a power within you, if you would only seek it out. I tell you this not as conjecture, but as something I *know*."

He knew, all right. There was no mistaking it—you could tell that he had that power himself, more than any mortal man. I could not answer him. "You are a good man," I said. "Thank you—and happy birthday, Jesus!"

As it happened, my business trip to Jerusalem took much longer than I expected. I traveled all over the world, from Rome to faraway Alexandria, doing a thriving business. I didn't head homeward for several years, but every year on the anniversary of that day in the carpenter's shop, I made a special point of going to the temple and praising Jesus—for he was indeed a remarkable man and a saint if there ever was one. I really admired him, and with the profits from my business—I was now making lances and spears as well as swords—I was able to afford a really fitting celebration, and hired a small choir to sing the hosannas. It was a sight to see, and I was sorry that Jesus never heard or saw the celebration.

Yes, it's only about ten years ago that the poor lad died. They got him in the prime of life, and I must say, from all I hear, that he

died true to his convictions, as pure and perfect as he told me he wanted to be. You can't help but admire a man like that.

He was a fine man—I can't say it often enough: there was something truly divine in the way he lived and the things he said. Not a very practical fellow, of course, but his heart was in the right place. What he said about love and peace was really true, when you think about it, and maybe someday somebody'll take him up on it. And think of it—they're talking about him as far away as in Corinth. Of course it's still too early to tell, but I wouldn't be surprised if he has really made a name for himself in the world.

Be that as it may, I've got into the habit of celebrating his birthday, and this year some of my friends are taking part in it with me. We're no "Christ"-ians, mind you, or any other kind of peace-and-love fanatics. We're good, solid citizens — merchants, professors, army officers. We've even got a carpenter for old time's sake, and we bring along our kids to join in the singing:

Happy Birthday, Jesus!

Nobel Peace Prize Unit Finds No Worthy Choice

OSLO, Norway, Nov. 7 (UP)—The Nobel Peace Prize Committee announced today it could find no one worthy of its award for the years 1955 and 1956.

The 1955 prize of $36,720 was available for belated award this year. Now it never will be awarded. The 1956 award, with prize money of $38,634, can be awarded next year.

The committee considered a secret list of nominees believed to contain the names of twenty-five individuals and six of eight international organizations.

The only United States citizen believed to be on the list was Frank Buchman, leader of the Moral Rearmament Movement.

Others included: Sir Winston Churchill; Jawaharlal Nehru, Indian Prime Minister; Louis St. Laurent, Canadian Prime Minister, and Sir Anthony Eden, British Prime Minister.

—Somebody should have told them about A. J. Muste.

The Soldier at the Door

The Memorial Service: By Edith Pargeter

WHEN THE CHOIR were in their places, the Rector turned on the chancel steps, facing down the aisle, and from the obscurity there under the organ loft, where they had been waiting for their cue, the standard bearers came pacing slowly and solemnly, two by two, and surrendered four regimental colors, the British Legion banner, two standards of Friendly Societies, the Boy Scouts' flag and the Girl Guides' flag. When the Rector had ranged them in the sanctuary, propped against the wall on either side of the altar, the Gothic crucifix grew small and pale and worn among so much color and pageantry, and had the beleaguered look of some little local deity in decline, watching his shrine swing irrevocably towards a rededication.

The hymns were the usual hymns, "For All the Saints," "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," all the ones with magnificent shouting tunes, and the dual implication that these dead soldiers were all willing martyrs, and therefore what happened to them here was of comparative unimportance beside their crowns hereafter. The Lessons were very much what might have been expected, too. Crozier read them in a full, ringing voice, rolling the words of the prophet Isaiah from his tongue like notes of trumpets:

" 'He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

" 'Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail.

" 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' "

He had a passion for English prose of the high period, which was why he had whole passages of the Authorized Version tucked away

complete within the capacious cupboard of his mind. He could produce from those well-furnished recesses quotations on almost any subject, sermons to almost any text. And as he went back to his place after the reading he was thinking wryly: "I could have found him something more appropriate. Nahum the Elkohite, for instance, had plenty of words for it:

"And there is a multitude of slain,
and a great number of carcasses:
And there is none end of their corpses:
They stumble upon their corpses:
Because of the multitude of the whoredomes of the well-flavoured harlot,
The mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her whoredoms,
And families through her witchcrafts."

Or if that's too steep, what about Habakkuk?

"Oh, Lord, How long shall I cry
And Thou wilt not hear!
Even cry unto Thee of violence,
And Thou wilt not save!"

He had, however, given a very good performance; not for love of the game, but because he had long outlived the illusion that voices crying in the wilderness really change anything. Only now and again, between the words of the prayers, did it enter his head to wonder what he was doing there, and even then he knew the answer so perfectly that the question had no weight. "I am conforming," he said to himself simply, "because I no longer have any faith in the effectiveness of nonconformity."

"And what," he asked further, watching the clear profile of Bill Dallas bowed beside him, with closed eyes as tranquil as a dead man's, and firmly responding mouth, "is he doing here? He is believing in what he does. That's the difference between us. That's why, on the whole, he does it with so much less conviction."

The Second Lesson was from the Revelation. He scarcely needed the book or it.

" 'And he said to me: These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

" 'Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne, shall dwell among them.

" 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

" 'For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' "

"And ask, of course," he reflected, resigning the center of the stage to Dallas with no reluctance at all, "no awkward questions of anybody, such as 'Cain, where is thy brother?' " He resumed his seat to the soft, remote chords of the organ, and watched Dallas cross the aisle and loop back the red cord to let himself into the holy place.

The Rector, standing at the chancel steps, said the dedicatory prayer. Dallas, his face taut with the solemnity of the moment, unfastened the knot of poppies with reverent hands, and lifted aside with great tenderness the folds of the flags, and the three demigods stared out at him blankly, with the

same stony stare they had leveled upon darkness. The town band broke into "O God, our help in ages past," and everybody burst into song.

Charles Faulkner turned to kneel at the altar as soon as the hymn began. He had not once looked towards the act of homage at the rival altar, nor did he now lift his head from his hands. This was another man's hour, but his was coming. Even when he rose and walked slowly out of the sanctuary, and began to climb the steps of the pulpit, he still did not look towards the stone. His eyes were fixed before him, and when he had reached his place they remained so, wide open in their dark pits upon the refuge of graying late-afternoon air above the serried heads of his flock. He felt then, though he did not yet look directly at them, a corrugation of pale faces lifted towards him, a sudden absolute silence of expectation after the Amen had ended.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

The long sigh of their subsiding, the rustle of their skirts, the pulling-up of trouser legs, the throat-clearing ripple of coughs across the surface of the lake, the experimental stirrings and readjustments, the composure, the hush.

He would have to look down at them now, and they would become people. He would let his eyes pass, like the hypnotic stroking passage of a hand across a tensed forehead, over the raised faces, gathering to him slowly all the avid, waiting glances. A sign of the cross made above them with his eyes, once from wall to wall across the church, once from the shadowy recesses under the organ loft at the back, to the officials and their families sitting close beneath the pulpit.

The second arm of the cross ended, and the silence was not broken. He was staring down into the eyes of the angel.

The moment of recognition rounded and fell into the silence like a great golden tear. For the third time they remained gazing at each other, and both the darkness and the distance had fallen back from them now, so that there was nothing at all to impede the marriage of their eyes.

The young man's face was quite unlike any of the others, although, like them, it was all attention and expectation. What made it different was the stature of his faith, the quality of the utterance awaited. His face was very young, younger even than it had seemed last night in the shaft of light from the study window, fresh and fair and candid, with fine, clear bones that showed through the adolescent flesh. It was not, like the others, rapt and complacent, awaiting the shock of pleasurable emotion, but deeply troubled within its stillness; and the eyes had positive color at last, a blueness as intense as the Flemish blue of the Virgin's robe in the window. Their looks as they

held him was like what prayer should be, furious, demanding, confident, aching with longing, incandescent with hope, resolute with certainty, all desire and all conviction.

Who would have looked for him here, among the established ones? Who would ever have thought he might appear at last as that man's son? The woman was not here between them now; her absence was something of which Faulkner was aware in the deepest places of his heart, where reason could not penetrate. She had withdrawn herself because the time for her to stand between them was past, because it was the day on which they were appointed to encounter. Their eyes clung, locked, unable to break free. "You will know," the boy's silence said, "what you have to say."

He knew what he had to say. His hands fastened hard upon the rim of the pulpit before him. The sermon he was commanded to preach flashed fully grown into his mind, like the instantaneous vision of a world transformed as the lightning passes. "Yes," he thought, drowning far down beneath the engulfing blueness of the boy's believing eyes, "I know what I have to say. We go about to cover and confuse with graceful complexities those things which a true Christian would see as blazingly simple. But now all the irrelevancies are washed clean away again, and nothing is left but what you want of me, and all you want of me is the truth. The truth, which changing its name does not change, which no costume will disguise, no rulebook make out of order, nor passage of time render old or invalid."

He strained down upon his hands, and lifted his head, and now the blue of the eyes was the illimitable blue of air, and sustained him like a hawk upon the mere tremor of the wings of his own inspiration. He soared, feeling the compromises, the limitations fall from him as the jesses drop from a falcon's legs, letting him fly free, riding the gale on which the angel's radiant passage uplifted him.

"The twentieth chapter of the book Exodus, the thirteenth verse:

" 'Thou shalt not kill!'

"Not: 'Thou shalt not kill except in self-defense.' Not: 'Thou shalt not kill except in a good cause.' Not: 'Thou shalt not kill except when a law of the country sanctions it.' But: 'Thou shalt not kill!' Not: 'Thou shalt not die.' The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, all flesh is grass. Thou shalt die, soon or late, well or ill. But: 'Thou shalt not kill!'

"We are here to remember the deaths of many young men who killed and were killed. In that they killed, they were guilty of murder, and in that they were killed, those are guilty of murder who sent them into the forefront of the battle. Do not be deceived into thinking that any murder among all these murders goes unrecorded, unremembered, unrepaid.

"Every man has but one life, of which he is only the custodian; but of that he *is* the custodian, and he must be answerable for what he does with it, and therefore the choice of how it shall be spent must also be his, and cannot be arrogated to any other human creature whatsoever, or collective monster of human creatures by the name of a state, or a legal code, or a tradition, or a church or what you please to name it.

"It is the duty of man to value and cherish the life of which he is

in charge. It ought to be used to the full, it ought to be ventured with, and to bear fruit; but he is still the judge of what ventures are justifiable, of what fruit is profitable to harvest. His is the privilege and the burden of choosing for what he shall spend the single coin he has in care, for he can spend it only once. And when he has found the worthwhile thing for which his life seems a fair payment, let him buy it, and pay for it, and ask no man's leave.

"But beware how you lay hands on the lives of other people, and spend them; for the first is misappropriation and theft, and the second is murder. Do not let anyone or anything persuade you, by the use of prettier names than these, that the acts are less, and less culpable, than I have said. Do not think that a little sacrifice of either stones or bread can make restitution: death is death, and no restitution is possible. What crowns God may choose to give, leave to God. It may be that His choice will abandon both you and your victims. It is by *your* acts, not by the acts of any other human creature, that *you* are saved or damned.

"Remember, then, for we are here to remember them, these young men who allowed themselves, in their inexperience, to be robbed of their birthright of choice between salvation and damnation. Remember, also, the millstones waiting for the necks of those who offended and caused to offend these heroic and misguided little ones. The more promise they had, the greater the sin that they were robbed of it. The finer qualities they possessed, the higher will be the account charged against those who dispossessed them. The cleaner their hands were, the dearer the price will be to those who constrained them to shed blood. As for the comfort we take and have taken in believing that they resigned their rights, their cleanness, and their lives willingly, in the day of judgment—that, too, will be answered. Then we shall hear from their own mouths how many will say 'Yes' to the indictment. For the rest, be ready to make your answer, as I must be ready to make mine. For as you were silent while these things happened, so was I silent.

"We are members one of another, all sons of the same father. All killings are fratricide, all wars are civil war. This is the law which is around, and beyond, and before, and surviving, your law. And by your law shall no man living be justified.

"Therefore do not put your trust in music and praise, however loud, or poppies, however red, or stones, however magically blessed; for the accusation will still be heard, and the blood will still stain, and the dead will still rise.

"Be not deceived! God is not mocked!"

The words wrote themselves like

DEATH IN KOREA

A young English boy died in the mud of Korea one day, at the same time that other young boys died in other "strategically important" spots in a sporadically flaming world. But the English boy had a mother at home who wanted to know why—why her boy had died, and who was responsible.

Of this elemental stuff Edith Pargeter has wrought one of the most moving pacifist novels yet written. **The Soldier at the Door,** from which this excerpt is taken, is published in England by William Heinemann Ltd., London. Used by permission. Another excerpt appeared in the September issue of FELLOWSHIP.

fire through his mind and heart. He opened his lips, struggling for a speech which should be audible to others, since this only the angel heard. Out of the forgotten spaces of the nave the massed faces swam back into his sight, fixed, puzzled, tremulous with a slight stirring of unrest because of the moments of delay. The accumulation of eyes, returning terribly, weighed upon him, leaden and mindless, bearing him down out of the strong and intoxicating air of prophecy, down to the company of the Mayor, and the Members of Parliament, and the Corporation, and the ordered hierarchies of law within law. He had duties, he had a fixed place; they waited for him, they too expected, they too needed.

A terrible weariness and sadness came on him. He looked despairingly into the young man's eyes, and they were again eyes, and not the deeps of the sea any longer, nor the airy spaces of heaven. He was too old, he had made too many concessions to the world, he could not face the wilderness! He let his gaze pass once again from wall to wall, and instead of being alone he knew himself compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, absolved from ever being solitary and unblessed. The relief was all he needed to give him strength.

He drew breath, and gave out his text in a firm, resonant voice:

"The first book of the Maccabees, the third chapter, portions of the second and ninth verses:

" 'He received unto him such as were ready to perish—and they fought with cheerfulness the battle of Israel.' "

Once the first irretrievable sentence was launched, there was a wonderful and awful sense of ease in speaking the well-prepared words. He was committed. The imprisoned voice within, threshing against the bars of his mind, might lament in its frenzy: "What have you done?" But there was always the unanswerable answer: "It's done!"

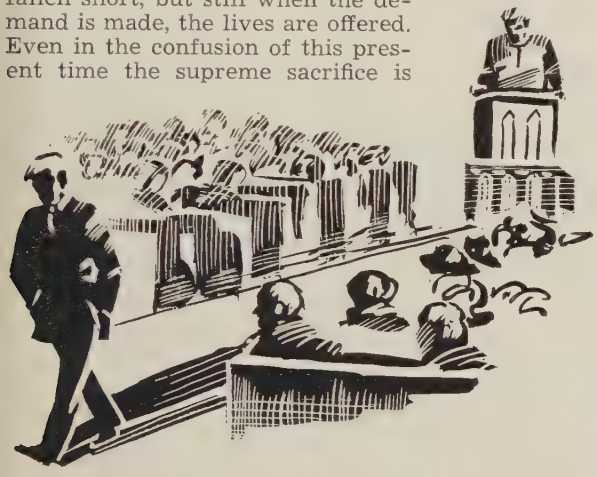
This going downhill was easy, the very sense of descent absolved him of effort. All the assuaged and flattered eyes, bright and drunken with emotion, sustained him, like a firm paving under his feet, upon the road he had chosen. Nevertheless, in choosing he had lost the power of choice. He was committed, and he must go forward.

The afternoon was advancing, but was that why it seemed to him so dark within the church? The center of light had shifted from the deep brilliance of the windows to the discreetly shaded lamps, the emeralds and rubies and sapphires of the Flemish glass had dulled to pebbles of queer and ugly shapes between the strips of lead. Over everything within his sight a grayness had spread like dust, from the moment that the ardor of belief and desire had faded out of the young man's face.

The unwavering regard of the eyes did not once leave him, though the light had left them. All the lines of the face had composed themselves into a new, cold clarity, the quivering, confident look of extreme youth and brightness was gone. The lids relaxed upon eyes of a steel-blue calm, distant and sharp as spears. There was a very slight curl at the lips; it might have been a smile or a grimace of fastidious distaste, it might have been only the shadow lying in the firm, deep shaping of the mouth, but it had a terrible, pure scorn about it.

"We live in a world of social and moral upheaval, in which values are being overturned about us, in the name of that very hu-

manism which we had considered, within the framework of Christianity, to be the basis of our own code of ethics. But even in this world, whenever the moment of crisis poses the most immediate of all questions, whether we are willing to die for our beliefs, the answer is unchanged: Yes. There have always been some who have fallen short, but still when the demand is made, the lives are offered. Even in the confusion of this present time the supreme sacrifice is made freely, without doubts or regrets, when the need arises.



"Do not despair of man, while there are young men like these. Do not speak of the degeneration of modern youth, while this stone remains here to refute the charge. Remember rather the words of our Lord: 'For he that will save his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for My sake, the same shall save it.'

" 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' "

For My Sake! The letters of the young man who was dead confronted him again out of the air, and though he put them by with the compelling flow of his own oratory, they rode upon the tide and shone, and would not be submerged. Were these things done for My sake? Have I to praise men, thank them, ask My Father to give them crowns of glory, for burning to death with jellied gasoline their fellow men, also My children? Be not deceived, God is not mocked!

But there was no turning back, the words continued to flow of themselves, because of the pleased compulsion of the eyes, all the eyes of the world, drawing him to them, embracing him, taking comfort in the absolution afforded them by his damnation.

The young man in the front pew quietly leaned forward, laid his hymn book and prayer book meticulously together upon the ledge, gathered up his gloves and hat, and rose to his feet.

The movements were so slow and so gently deliberate that at first no one seemed capable of feeling, much less showing, any surprise. The boy looked up for an instant, and raised his eyes once, with a perfect and final simplicity of rejection, to the Rector's face. He looked at it thoughtfully, as though he were wondering what he had found in it five minutes ago to interest him, or make him hope for better than this; and there was in the momentary glance a renewed flash of the ardent light in the eyes, so that the Rector should never be able to forget the beauty and gal-

lantry of the opportunity he had abandoned, or fail to recognize the person he had betrayed.

Then the young man turned towards the aisle and looked down at the astonished Mayor, with a polite little inclination of his head and a tentative gesture of his hand requesting pardon and passage. The Mayor, too startled to make any resistance to a will so positive, drew in his feet and stood up to let the boy pass.

A faint, long sigh passed quivering through the church, and though there was scarcely any jarring sound from below to disturb him, the flow of the Rector's speech shook and halted, resuming with an effort and in a higher key. The alignment of all the glances had changed, the eyes were following the young man's implacable departure. His mother put out an anxious hand, too late to arrest him. His father looked up into his face with a forbidding and reproachful frown; but the polite, demanding head bowed its way past him, the slender, haughty body waited for his releasing movement, and there was nothing he could do but draw back and let him go.

The boy walked away down the aisle without undue haste, and with no deliberate noise nor any attempt to silence his steps. The firm fatal sound of every footfall echoed hollowly through a sudden terrible silence, for the thread of the Rector's discourse had snapped in his brain, the end of his sentence had recoiled out of his grasp, and he stood clutching the rim of the pulpit and staring, with stunned and tragic eyes, after the receding flight of the angel.

He heard the door open and close, heard the first faint withdrawing steps upon the gravel outside, then silence. So deep, so absolute a silence that it brought to his ears, across the glebe and through the solid stone walls, the sound of a cock crowing.

Hollywood's Acorns

". . . Though 'Friendly Persuasion' is set in the Civil War and is mainly concerned with the quaint humors of a Quaker farm family, it eventually gets around to a question that is pertinent in our day: that of pacifism as a way to the brotherhood of man. The answer here is rather nebulous—the Quaker son does take up arms to defend his home, but his mother and sister avert destruction from a band of Confederate raiders by refusing to resist. However, it sets you to thinking." **—The New York Times,** November 4, 1956

THE FELLOWSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA

by J. J. Buskos, Jr.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN section of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation is very small. It numbers barely 150 members and these, moreover, are scattered over the whole Union. There are small groups in Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg and Pretoria.

On January 6 of this year, the South African Fellowship of Reconciliation held its biennial general meeting in Johannesburg. We met in the St. Benedict House, religious center of the Community of the Resurrection, an Anglican monastic order. Retreats are held there and the house is available for conferences of those in sympathy with the Order. One of its members is Father Huddleston, whose name has appeared in the press on account of his action for the rights of the natives. One thinks of his opposition to the Bantu Education Act and to the removal of natives from Sophiatown to Meadowlands.

The general meeting spent much time on the organizational structure of the Fellowship, though at the end of the meeting some very important matters of principle were discussed. The difficult question of possible cooperation with the Non-Whites Opposition Movement may be mentioned. The opposition movement has, up to now, rejected all violent opposition, but among the leaders there are also Communists. The meeting was of the opinion that continued personal contact is necessary, but that the Fellowship as such cannot take part in the opposition movement.

After the general meeting I traveled across South Africa and visited all the groups and many scattered members of the Fellowship. As a result of these visits it

Reprinted from *Arunodayam*, May 1956.

has become clear to me that the relation between whites and non-whites is far and away the most important problem for the Fellowship. The Fellowship is an anti-militaristic organization, but in South Africa the racial question, owing to the government's apartheid policy, is the most topical and important question.

Whites and Non-Whites

The Fellowship is among the few organizations in South Africa in which whites and non-whites work together on a basis of equality and brotherhood. It has among its members a considerable number of natives, many of whom took part in the discussions at the general meeting. In the coming years the Fellowship sees as its chief task the bringing together of whites and non-whites everywhere in small groups to work together for mutual understanding. Anyone who has visited South Africa knows how very important it is that in this land of apartheid whites and non-whites should meet as brothers in order to discuss together the problems of the movement and to seek new ways.

The Fellowship is too small to organize large-scale action on its own. It regards itself more as an organization whose members, each in his own environment, work together to build up a different South Africa. No conferences of the Fellowship are convened, but its members are present everywhere to bear witness to it. In the good sense of the word they form "cells." Whenever friends come from abroad they arrange for the necessary contacts and lectures. This was so in my own case. Only a few times did I speak exclusively for the members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, but I held many lectures and meetings both for Afrikaners and Englishmen as well as for natives, "coloreds" and Indians. I met many leaders of the Afrolaners and the English-speaking churches, but also leading natives, coloreds and Indians. I will mention only a few names: Dr. Brink, the Moderator of the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church in Transvaal; Prof. Ben Marais, Prof. Keet and many other professors and preachers of the African Churches; a few Bishops of the Anglican Church; many leaders of missionary work; black preachers and professors; the president of the African National Congress, Luthuli; and others. In particular I must mention Alan Paton, the author of *Cry, The Beloved Country*, and Manilal Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, who died recently.

Because the Fellowship has so many contacts, its influence qualitatively is much greater than it is quantitatively.

It has the great privilege of having the Rev. Arthur Blaxall, an Anglican, as president. He is known throughout South Africa, not as an agitator, but as a man who gives his whole life in the service of reconciliation—reconciliation between Afrikaners and Englishmen, between whites and non-whites, between the various churches. Mr. Blaxall is Secretary of the Christian Council of Churches in South Africa, and, together with his wife, is the leader of Enzozeleni, the Institute for deaf and blind natives in Roodepoort. A whole chapter of *Cry, The Beloved Country* is devoted to

Enzozeleni. Even Dominie Blaxall's bitterest opponents—and there are such—speak of him with respect and esteem.

The Secretary, Mrs. Elder—whose husband is minister of a Presbyterian Church in Sutterheim—is very active. The treasurer, Searnell Lean, is a well-known Quaker in Johannesburg.

Many younger people have joined the Fellowship recently. Unfortunately there are hardly any Afrikaners among the FOR's members, but there is hope that the coming years will change this.

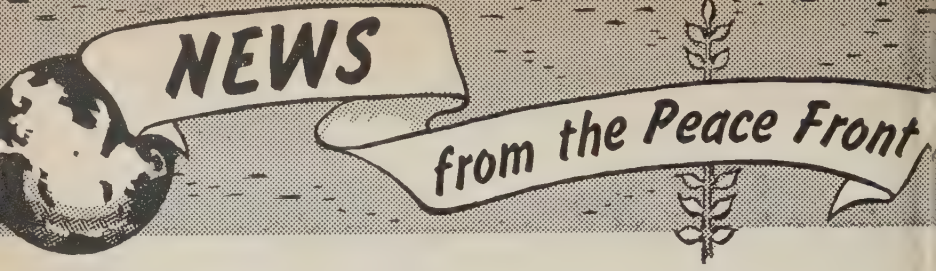
The South African Fellowship is a small but active group. It is in a difficult situation, but it is conscious that it has an important task in South Africa. It is therefore extremely thankful whenever sympathizers from Europe and America visit it. International contacts are of great value to it, as sources of new courage and power.

For the Magyar Dead

You are not alone, Hungary,
in this autumnal carnage.
Your bodies are silent now,
and the dying leaves that fall
whisper your requiem across time
and with nationless meaning.
The Magyar God that saw you die—,
heard your cry of freedom
stifled on your bloodied lips—
is God of us all, God of Abraham
and Isaac, Jesus and Paul,
God of our fathers and our foes.
He will not forget your courage,
nor the bitterness that rends his children:
half brave men slain, half coward slayers.
Nor will His children easily forget.

What shall I tell your hated brother,
God's most unfortunate son? How wash
the strangler's sullied hands? How care
for him and make him whole? For this, your
slayer, is the enemy that we must love.

—WRM



FOR Exec. Committee Urges Nonviolence in Egypt, Hungary

The National Executive Committee of the FOR, at its November 5 meeting, issued a 1,000-word statement on the military intervention in Egypt and on the bloody suppression of freedom in Hungary.

The statement said that "oppression and violence do not achieve the results which those who resort to such means expect," and, as an illustration, pointed to "the revolt against totalitarian Communism and against domination by a foreign power in such countries as Poland and Hungary" after a decade of Stalinism.

The statement took Israel, France and Great Britain severely to task for "likewise [resorting] to violence to achieve their ends" in the Middle East crisis, and thereby disqualifying themselves from uttering a "moral condemnation" of the USSR's iron-fist tactics in Hungary. "At critical moments such as the present, each side provides the other with a convenient excuse for . . . flouting international morality."

No real settlement of the issues in Hungary or the Middle East could be expected from war or terrorism, the statement said, and "whatever the temporary promise," the attack on Egypt "can only mean, in the end, . . . an overwhelming catastrophe for Israel."

Without ignoring the serious guilt of the United States in contributing to present world tensions, the FOR statement expressed gratification that "at this moment the U.S. government is protesting the Russian action in Hungary and, although belatedly, is offering food and medical aid to its people. We likewise support [its] insistence on immediate cessation of hostilities in Egypt and negotiations under UN auspices. . . ."

The statement went on to say that "whatever the outcome of the presidential elections, we strongly urge that there be no yielding . . . to any temptation to intervene forcibly . . . in these situations or others which may arise in the future," and called upon the government to abandon reliance on military force in favor of "positive peacemaking."

The statement closed with an affirmation of solidarity with "those who are striving to put an end to tyranny and violence" and an expression of "our earnest hope" that oppressed peoples may "steel themselves against the provocation and temptation to meet violence with counterviolence, natural though that may be. The law that 'they who take the sword will perish by it' will not be suspended in their favor." The statement pointed to the power of nonviolence exemplified in Montgomery, Ala., as the alternative.

Long Council Sessions To Discuss Policy

A longer-than-normal meeting of the National Council of the FOR this month was decided on by the November 5 meeting of the Executive Committee. The purpose of the added time is to permit free discussion of the proposals made by the Council-appointed Policy Committee. While the final decisions on the proposals will be made in the regular Council sessions, the discussion will be open for almost a whole day to any members who wish to attend.

The Policy Committee has recommended drastic changes in the structure of the FOR office organization. While encouraging the strengthening of local and regional work among members, it would terminate regional offices as such. In their place it would locate "branch offices" in the Midwest and on the Pacific Coast, add to the national staff, and employ field workers as the budget permitted.

Reasons for the changes have been stated as both financial—to bring the organization's budget into balance—and as a means of strengthening the operations of the Fellowship.

Volunteers Work on New FOR Center

Volunteers from among the FOR membership in the New York region and from the Rockland Friends Meeting joined in the first of a series of "work days" at the Fellowship's new "peace center" in Nyack, New York, on Saturday, November 10. A total of 20 worked at cleaning and repairing the former mansion, which will also be used by the Rockland Friends for regular services. Offers of furniture, rugs, beds, dishes and tools have been asked for the house in order to speed up the conference and retreat program intended for it.

Shelton Hale Bishop Will Retire—to Work

Noted FOR member Dr. Shelton Hale Bishop, since 1933 rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, has announced plans to retire next summer. St. Philip's, with 3,871 parishioners, has the largest congregation of any Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Situated in Harlem, Dr. Bishop's church is attended principally by Negroes. After his retirement, Dr. Bishop plans to go to Hawaii as a missionary.

Friends Newsletter Views UN & Congress

With the election of the 85th Congress last month, the 84th became past history. However, since most of the questions that existed during the past two years will remain to confront the 85th, the August "Washington Newsletter" of the Friends Committee on National Legislation still is worth mentioning—and studying—at this late date.

Among its many data is, for example, the fact that each American citizen pays an average of 56¢ a year for the work of the UN, as compared with $400 for the U. S. armed forces budget. The newsletter sells for 5¢ a copy and is well worth it. It is obtainable from the FCNL at 104 C Street, NE, Washington 2, D. C.

Concord Park Homes Building Final Section

Concord Park Homes, the interracial housing development near Philadelphia (see "They Build Brotherhood," FELLOWSHIP, February 1956), has embarked on its fourth and final section, according to a recent progress report. Twenty of the 36 new houses are "under roof," and more than half have been sold.

Of the 101 families now living at Concord Park, 45 are Negro and 56 white. Residents, although coming from varied backgrounds, have rapidly developed a homogeneous community, expressed through a Civic Association in a varied recreation program and an active baby-sitting cooperative.

Visitor Reports Mixed USSR Policy on COs

A recent Russian visitor to the United States reports that a 1918 decree providing for alternate service for conscientious objectors is still in effect. According to *The Reporter for Conscience' Sake*, monthly newsletter of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, the visitor himself was a CO who had served in an infectious disease hospital in southern Russia.

Under the Tsarist Empire, Russia was the first country to recognize religious objectors. Since 1880, COs were given four-year terms in the Forestry Service as an alternative to military service.

These provisions were suspended during the 1917-1918 revolutionary period. In October 1918, however, Red Army leader Leon Trotsky set up new alternative service provisions which exempted some 8,000 COs from service in the bloody civil war of 1919-20.

Since then, however, observance of the Trotsky decree has been spotty. During World War II hundreds of COs were shot or sent to hard labor camps. In the years before and after, there has been no consistent application of the law, the NSBRO organ reported.

"Student World" Features Niemoeller

"Why I Became a Pacifist" is the title of an article by German FOR member Martin Niemoeller in a special peace issue of the quarterly *Student World*. The magazine, published by the World Student Christian Federation, also includes articles by Dr. C. L. Patijn of the Netherlands Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Leimena, former member of the Indonesian government; Dr. Robert C. Mackie, well-known ecumenicalist; and Helen Hill Miller.

Heifer Project Ships Cattle, Cowboys to USSR

On October 22 the Heifer Project, of which the FOR is one of the several religious and civic sponsoring groups, sent a shipment of 52 heifers and three bulls to Odessa, USSR, as "an investment in peace and goodwill."

Besides the cattle, three volunteer cowboys and the Project's executive secretary, Thurl Metzger, went along at the expense of the Soviet government, to tour the country from Odessa to Moscow.

Milk from the cows will be distributed on a priority basis to hospitals and schools before regular customers get any of it.

High Court Upholds "Supreme Being" Clause

The U.S. Supreme Court has refused, for the third time this year, to review Section 6-J of the Selective Service Act, which requires that conscientious objectors must believe in a Supreme Being.

The high court declined to consider the appeal of Arthur P. Clark, a Los Angeles Unitarian, who was sentenced to four years in prison on December 14, 1954, for refusing to report for induction.

Meanwhile, another victim of Section 6-J, Vern Davidson, who is serving a three-year term in Tucson Federal Prison as an agnostic CO, has been seeking Executive Clemency after the Supreme Court refused last November to review his case. Petitions for a full pardon for Davidson have been circulated by interested pacifists, including A. J. Muste, who have joined with Socialists in the Davidson Defense Committee.

FOR Member Named Woman of Achievement

Last month, FOR member Anna Curtis was chosen Woman of Achievement for 1956 by the Women's International Exposition. The award was presented in ceremonies held on November 5 in New York City.

Negroes Teach Whites In Some Southern States

According to a study conducted by *The New York Times,* approximately 1500 Negro teachers are teaching mixed classes in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, Oklahoma, Tennessee and the District of Columbia.

The report, published October 21, indicated that many of the Negro teachers were located in formerly all-white schools. The extent of faculty integration, however, was far from uniform. In Tennessee and Texas, only one and two Negroes have mixed classes, while in West Virginia there are 200 and in the District of Columbia, 1,000.

"The border states," said the *Times* study, "report that no special problems have been caused by Negroes teaching white children. Some states have stopped keeping statistics dealing with Negro and white teachers."

WIL Picks Negro For 1956 Book Award

The Story of the Negro by Arna Bontemps was selected by a committee of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom for the 1956 Jane Addams Children's Book Award. This is the first time the award, given annually since 1953, has gone to a book dealing specifically with Negroes.

The citation is for "a book for young people which contributes to better understanding in human relations, and is at the same time of literary worth and attractive in format."

"Love In Deeds" Mends Bombed Koinonia Market

The newsletter of Koinonia Farm, Americus, Ga., reported recently that "hundreds" have written their support and encouragement following the dynamiting of Koinonia's

roadside produce market on July 23 (see "News," Sept. FELLOWSHIP).

"Many of you," said the newsletter, "have put your love into deeds . . . by sending gifts. . . . You have completely restored the dynamite damage done to our market."

Despite great difficulties, the indefatigable Christian communitarians of Koinonia are carrying on, and plan an interracial children's camp next summer at Monteagle, Tennessee.

One major hope of survival for Koinonia is the expansion of their sales on a mail-order basis, a move necessitated by local pressure to curtail buying of Koinonia products. The farm has a well-deserved reputation for home-style meats like those frequently advertised in national magazines by luxury-market, holiday-oriented farms.

Pacifists and other believers in racial equality can do themselves a favor by taking advantage of the Georgia co-op's quality products at low prices (sample: hickory-smoked hams at 85¢ lb. postpaid), and at the same time can help a uniquely valuable institution to pay its own way in the world. The address: Koinonia Farm, Americus, Georgia.

Have Your Cake And Eat It, Too!

If you are a magazine subscriber and an FOR member or well-wisher, here is a way to get your magazines at the regular price—and increase your FOR contribution at the same time, **at no extra cost.** By ordering your magazines from Winchell Agencies, you pay the **same price** you would pay to the publisher—BUT the FOR benefits from special club commission rates of 5% to 20% of regular price.

Skeptical? Risk a postcard and find out. All popular magazines, business, professional, industrial trade journals included. Write:

Forrest Winchell
1106 Watervliet Avenue
Dayton 10, Ohio

Smiley to Speak At Montgomery Rally

On December 5, the Negroes of Montgomery, Ala., will celebrate the anniversary of their protest against segregation on the buses in that city.

At the invitation of the Montgomery Improvement Assn., FOR Field Secretary Glenn Smiley will participate in a forum on December 4 and will give a series of lectures on nonviolence, December 5-7.

"Walk to Freedom" Scores in N.Y. Times Review

Fellowship Films' "Walk to Freedom" was favorably reviewed in a recent Sunday issue of *The New York Times.* It was characterized as a "decidedly spunky documentary plea for passive resistance by 'exploited' peoples. The candid, unvarnished footage roams as far afield as India, centering on the bus boycott at Montgomery, Ala. (and some haunting faces and testimonies on both sides)."

Graham Bids Churches Call For Love Vs. Bias

In Cleveland on September 16, famed evangelist Billy Graham charged that "churches have been too silent" on racial integration and urged them to "call for love among neighbors of all races." Although legislation is "vitally needed," said the North Carolinan, it "can only be implemented by moral force. The churches can create this essential climate of moral force and good will."

Mr. Graham's views were given at a press conference in connection with the first National Convention of Christian Men.

United Lutherans Balk On Segregation Ban

The United Lutheran Church, at its 20th biennial convention, in Harrisburg, Pa., on October 18, voted down, 340-159, a proposed statement hailing the Supreme Court decision on desegregation as being "in harmony with Christian convictions."

Among those in the minority was Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the denomination.

Dean Pike Chides Northern Churches on Race

In a sermon at New York Cathedral on September 16, the Very Rev. Dean James A. Pike noted that the sin of segregation has not been "boldly enough condemned while such 'sins' as drinking, smoking and dancing have received a much larger play."

Although Dean Pike had both praise and criticism for Southern churches in the racial crisis, he laid greatest stress on Northern shortcomings, concluding: "And our sin is the greater in the North because the problem of adjustment is less grave."

Norwegian Bishops Ask Aid For Hungary

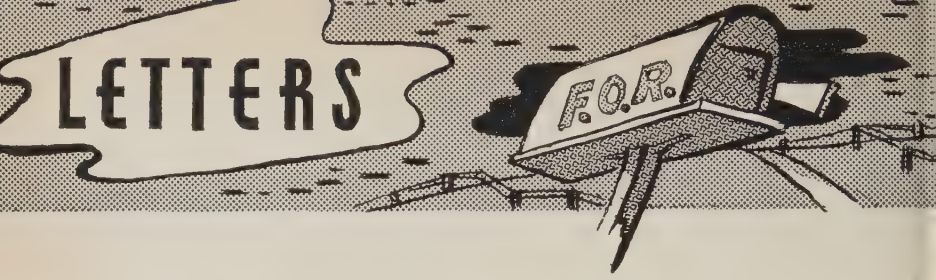
Bishops of the Lutheran Church of Norway appealed last month for prayers and material aid for the people of Hungary and for refugees from that strife-torn land.

"Norway's answer," said the bishops at their annual conference in Oslo, "must be love in action."

World Council Offers Aid to Hungarians

The Division of Interchurch Aid and Service to Refugees, an agency of the World Council of Churches, has assured the Austrian government of its readiness to provide quantities of food and clothing to thousands of refugee Hungarians who have streamed across the border, fleeing the Soviet terror.

The Division, it was reported, is working closely with *Hilfswerk*, relief agency of the Evangelical Church in Germany, which sent shipments of medical supplies into Hungary before the final bloody suppression of the Nagy regime by Soviet armed might.



The Responsibility of Peoples

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I believe that in Ralph Borsodi's article (Sept. FELLOWSHIP) the "fourth truth" about government does not hold. Borsodi states: "No fallacy is more mischievous than the doctrine that because people have some part in electing officials they are responsible for any wrong the government perpetrates."

If Borsodi is right, then the condemnation of the Germans for the Nazi time, the condemnation of the Russians for the terror of the communist regime, etc., would fall by the wayside. Now I agree that we should not condemn either; but that for religious reasons: I personally don't feel free of sin, and therefore cannot throw the first stone; but that does not prevent the statement that the individuals are responsible. Legally this was established in the Nürnberg trials, which never were repudiated by this country, or as far as I know by any other. And with all due consideration of the shortcomings of the procedures, important facts seem to have been established there for the first time.

The moral responsibility of the individual is the very basis for our pacifism. To deny it means to cut out the ground on which we stand. In spite of our inability as individuals to change the course of action, we must continue to strive—and, since we do not succeed, to share the responsibility and guilt of those in power.

—VICTOR PASCHKIS
Hidden Springs, N. J.

Great Souls & Small

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

The letter of Francis Behn Riggs in the September FELLOWSHIP shows his familiarity with Milton's line: "What can war but endless war still breed?" He should also doubtless be familiar with the more famous line in Hamlet's soliloquy: "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The conscientious scruples of many a would-be pacifist (or at least one) against war are far weaker than his scruples against causing by his "fearless" objections any mental anguish or physical harm to befall his family. Or, to use a chutneyed phrase, "a liberal is a radical with a wife and two kids."

The great souls bear with magnanimity the consequences of refusal to pay taxes, etc., but the small souls bear the shame of helping in an absolutely immoral war effort. In so doing, they kill themselves a little each day, for the shame is too much for any conscience to bear.

Which is the more to be pitied, (or "suffered" in the King James Version's language), Francis: the great soul or the small?

—J. H. DAVENPORT
Levittown, N.Y.

Maladjustment or Originality?

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

After reading Dr. Murphy's edifying and thought-stirring review of Blanton's *Love or Perish*, it has occurred to me to wonder whether the disturbing increase in mental illness as reported from time

to time in various publications might not be due in part to such a widespread pressure toward uniformity that persons who fifty or so years ago might just be considered "eccentric" or "geniuses" or "a little odd" or "original" are now looked upon as "ill" and in need of being forced into the mold through some sort of "rehabilitation." In other words, mental disease has not increased so much as that our standards have changed. . . . Moreover, is it not also possible that our society has become such that sensitive, intelligent and imaginative human beings have a harder and harder time reconciling themselves to it? In such a world, FOR members and the like are perhaps being forced to provide "mental hospital fodder" in our desire to bring up our children as nonconformists. . . . I would like to see more written along these lines by Dr. Murphy or others.

—Carolyn Mallison
Herkimer, N.Y.

The Dilworth Smear

The Editors,
Fellowship:

Your "Anatomy of a Smear" is a superb job, but I can't shake off the feeling that you fashioned a juggernaut in order to slay a field mouse. The Dilworth document is intrinsically so weak as to make no lasting impression on any except those already convinced. Its case is so thin as to be plain silly.

—Vernon Nash
Santa Barbara, California

The Editors,
Fellowship:

I just finished reading your October issue of Fellowship, "The Anatomy of a Smear." Congratulations on your extensive research and fine presentation.

I was wondering if a copy of this issue has been sent to each member of the California legislature and to other state officials. If not, might there not be

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some value in doing so? If so, has there been any response? —JIM F. MORRISON
Stanford, Calif.

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Credit this contribution to the Dilworth Committee! Had rather lost my contact with the FOR in recent years—but if it's still effective enough to rouse this Committee's wrath, I'm for it.
—GEORGE W. LINDSAY

The Editors.
FELLOWSHIP:

We deeply appreciate the work the FOR is doing. I refer specifically now to the October issue of FELLOWSHIP, "The Anatomy of a Smear." We only wish it were more widely circulated.
—MRS. WILLIAM B. POWELL
Salina, Kansas

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The Editors,
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If you happen to be free to accept one more congratulation on a magnificent job of analyzing a "smear" and questioning a report which attempts to entrench a very unscholastic method of investigation, hear us as we say: A fine job, excellently presented, and written in a spirit which humbly seeks fair and open treatment of a subject so vital to our freedom. —BRUCE ERGOOD
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